

subject before us, we cannot but deplore the loss of that simplicity and earnestness which animated the early masters, now superseded by a restless spirit of display, with the revived imagery and mythologies of paganism, which suited not as well as the monumental architecture of Christianity.

The general type is but little changed,—the body rests on the sarcophagus as before, the pointed arch of the canopy is become semicircular, classic columns and panelled pilasters, filled with graceful arabesques supported it, and they were adorned with statues and bas-reliefs representing the heathen deities, fawns, satyrs, griffins; and other fabulous creatures mingled with the personages of sacred and profane history, and the traditions of the Church. This was the prevailing tendency of the age; yet, from the vigorous hands of those masters whose genius shone with a splendour like that of the evening stars—their very brilliancy deepening, by the contrast, the shades, which, when they were gone, obscured the arts, we have many fine works impressed with their individual originality of character.

Michelangelo, the leader of this revolution, has bequeathed to us, of the mighty creations of his impetuous imagination, the majestic figure of Moses and the four caryatides, designed for the mausoleum of Julius II., and the monuments of Giuliano and Lorenzo de Medici, with their celebrated figures of Night, Morning, Noon, and Evening; and above them, in their separate niches, the stern armed statues of the two heroes themselves, of whom thus speaks Rogers in his "Italy":—

"There, from age to age,
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo: mark him well.
He meditates—his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyesless skull?
'Tis lost in shade, yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestic!
Then most so when the distant choir is heard
At morn or eve.—Nor fail thou to attend
On that thrice bellowed day, when all are there—
When all, propitiating with solemn songs,
Visit the dead. Then wilt thou feel his power."

The adaptation of the church of S. Francis de Rimini, by Alberti, to the purpose of a mausoleum for Sigismond Malatesta, who desired that his marshals, with whom his fortune in this world had been cast, should be associated with him in death, is a noble conception. A simple arcade, of fine proportions, adorns the flank wall, under each recess of which, in their solemn order, stands one sarcophagus, and on the adjoining pier a tablet records the name of its inmate.

Well suited to the condition of society and character of the nation in France, with the gay and voluptuous Francis I. and his pleasure-seeking Court at their head, the spirit of the revival—introduced from Italy by Jean Jaconde, the pupil of Brunelleschi, Demigiano, and Paul Ponce Trelati—soon became naturalised there; and in the hands of the sculptor architects of the time, its career was brilliant. Exuberant in richness and invention, graceful in execution, and delighting in the charms of beautiful females, whose naked forms every where meet the eye in their works of sculpture, painting, or jewellery,—we may wonder that, in some of their sepulchral monuments, a deep and serious feeling, and even a dignified propriety of character may be found, as in the tomb of Louis XII. and Anne de Bretagne in the Church of S. Denis, the design of which was by Jean Just, and the sculpture by Paul Ponce. Naked and stiff in all the fearful reality of death, their bodies are laid out on a rich sarcophagus, an arcade of light and elegant proportions surrounds them, in each opening of which is seated an apostle bearing his respective insignia: panelled pilasters, sculptured with arabesques of inconceivable delicacy and grace, support the entablature, which is broken over each, giving a playful effect: above are the kneeling statues of the king and queen in prayer. The whole stands on a basement of black marble, with panels of bronze, representing the victories of Louis.

Of similar arrangement is that of Henry II., by Germain Pilou, also in S. Denis, but deficient in the chaste and severe sentiment which characterizes the other. Even by the naked body of the king, three Pagan graces are re-

presented holding the vase which contains his heart.

The reclining figure of Phillip Chabot, admiral of France, by Jean Cousin, is a fine work by that vigorous and powerful artist.

The tomb of Louis de Breze, in Ronen Cathedral, is an effective monument, of black and white marble. His body lies on a fluted sarcophagus. The projecting wings are each supported by two columns, on the lower stage, and by caryatides above: under an arch in the centre compartment of the upper stage, is the equestrian statue of Louis, armed *cap à pie*, and very spirited in execution. Also in this cathedral is the tomb of Cardinal Amboise, by Roullant Le Roux, a *chef d'œuvre* of the Renaissance, displaying all the characteristic elegance, richness, picturesque variety of details, and delicate execution, of the style, but wanting in the appropriate character of a sepulchral monument.

Gradually, however, these last gleams of the borrowed light of classic Paganism died out, after having irretrievably destroyed the purer spirit of mediæval Christian art. A mist of thick darkness then crept over the monumental architecture; for, awed by the superior excellence of the great artists of the revival, and in despair of ever equalling them, their successors dwindled into insufferable copyists: the mantle of Michelangelo had not fallen upon his unworthy imitators, and never did genius exercise so disastrous an influence on posterity, as in this instance. Then were all the stores that were previously undisturbed, ransacked for ideas. Copies, like portraits taken from the clay cold corpse, utterly without regard to propriety: unintelligible, abstruse allusions; quotations from a dead language, were palmed upon a credulous age, under the specious authority of antiquity. Pyramids, obelisks, and urns, with scraps from Greek and Roman models, and every style that had ever existed, were now reproduced in barbarous confusion, and as if the numbing influence of inability blighted every thing they touched: all the grace, the elegance and beauty of proportion of the originals had vanished, and they deserve not even the credit of faithful copyists. In the mediæval ages, men worked for the honour of God and for the rest of the souls of the departed; and, mistaken though they were in the latter motive, it was yet with them a labour of love and devotion. But now the pomp and pride of heraldry had usurped their place; the attempt to impose, and the vain, selfish spirit of display, obtrude themselves in all the works of the time, marring every effort, like the corroding influence of rust. The architecture became cumbrous and disproportionate, orders were piled above orders, with broken pediments and entablatures, surmounted by escutcheons and scrolls, lavishly adorned with gaudy colour and gilding, and with long pompous inscriptions. The effigies are stiff and coarse in execution, and represented leaning on one arm, kneeling, sitting, or standing; the husband and wife at times facing each other with a faldstool between them, and often their children in succession between them, or in a panel below, the males on one side (the eldest of whom usually was alone clad in armour), and the females on the opposite side; while Cupids and Griffins support the shields with the coats of arms or heavy wreaths and draperies.

Towards the seventeenth century, however, a change appears to have taken place, the predominant architectural character of the monuments declined, and gave place to the composition and grouping of the sculpture, with an increased energy of action and expression in the figures. They are consequently more dramatic than contemplative, and are thus opposed to the abstracted imaginative symbolism, and calmer repose of the works of the infancy of Christian art,—a necessary result of the comparative conditions of society, and not indeed to be regretted had the same simple, earnest spirit still animated them as formerly, for those were but as the budding blossoms of an expectant, trustful spring, which had now passed into the more mature and full blaze of an autumnal sun, under the influence of which, the fruits, of which they only saw the promise, were enjoyed. But unfortunately this position had its perils as well as its advantages, both in the restless, undirected wanderings of mediocrity, and in the still more fatal lapses of over-

weening selfishness, affectation, and impiety, which have induced a general want of purpose and character in these monuments, with overstrained attitudes and far-fetched allegories.

But in some better hands they have fared differently, and we have many works of modern times, which even more than answer our expectations, and show that degree of excellence which we have a right to demand from the age. For, standing on a high vantage ground above the heathen of antiquity, groping in superstition, and over the mediæval Christians, not only in the comparative purity of faith, and freedom from error, but also in the advance of science and knowledge, of civilization and liberty, we have a place in the universal history of art, which it is our duty to occupy:—a path of progress, and not retrogression, which we ought to tread.

The aim, then, of modern monuments being the representation of the ideal and the expression of action, they claim to be judged of by the general canons of art, according to their individual merits.

Rysbrack, Roubiliac, Banks, Bacon, Flaxman, Chantrey, Canova, and Westmacott are among the chief of those sculptors whose monumental works are to be found principally in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and a few scattered in other cathedrals and churches.

In St. Paul's they appear to the best advantage, combining well with the architecture, and imparting a life to its otherwise dreary unadorned space, and, although considered separately, most of them are unsuited to a Christian church, yet in their general effect such blemishes are lost.

In Westminster Abbey and the Gothic cathedrals they seem utterly out of harmony with the building, in one place blocking up a mullioned window, at another cutting into the panel work or hiding the piers, and by the violent contrasts of colour and even by the introduction of classic mouldings and details, can only be considered as hurtful to the general effect.

Considered individually, however, the greater part will not bear too close an examination. The hero often bears but a subordinate part in the composition, perched up on a column, perhaps merely a bust or medallion of him which some condescending angel is putting in its place, or crowning with a wreath, while the accompaniments have little of a sepulchral character, weeping genii and cherubs, with perhaps Hercules or Mercury attended by tame lions, or sitting composedly on the bulk of a ship, with a canopy of sail cloth suspended above, the affinity of all which, to a Christian monument, it might be difficult to discover.

The monument to Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubiliac, in Westminster Abbey, from the lower part of which death, as a skeleton, lifts his dart to strike her, whom the husband is endeavouring to shield, is very original and of consummate execution, but displays all the terror that death can inspire, without the consolation that the religion to which the edifice that contains it is consecrated might be supposed to afford. Chantrey's Bishop Heber, who is blessing two children, is appropriate; and, taken by itself, the monument to Sir Ralph Abercrombie is effective, and well grouped; the repose of the sphinx on either side contrasts finely with the more violent action of the centre, where a soldier supports the hero as he falls from his horse. The monument to Mrs. Warren in the Abbey is, however, a better work, by Sir R. Westmacott. In the works of Flaxman we find a proper sentiment and deep feeling, with high technical merit, general composition, grace, and management of drapery: his monument to Lord Mansfield is a noble work; those to Nelson and Earl Howe are good. But it is chiefly from his bas-reliefs the studies and casts of which have been lately given to University College, London, that a due estimate of his excellence can be gained; they are truly a rich store, from which many a useful hint may be gleaned, even with respect to the architectural composition of monuments.

Among the eccentricities of genius, I would allude to a tomb which defies classification, but stands alone, remote from every thing which has been, is, or ever will be conceived—Sir John Soane's monument to the memory of his wife, in the burying ground of St. Giles-in-the-fields, St. Pancras: it is as capricious